THE MOTHERS BLESSING.

LONDON,
Printed for IOHN SMETHWICKE, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop in *Saint Dunſtons* Church-yard, vnder the Dyall in Fleetſtreete.
1621.

To the Reader.

Entlemen, there are ſo many idle Pamphlets vnder the abuſed name of Poetrie, abroad in the world, that matter of good worth, either morall, or diuine, if it bee handled in Verſe, it is almoſt as ill as Vertue; it will not ſell almoſt for any thing: yet among a number, of, no matter for them, I doubt not but there are ſome will giue Reaſon his right, and Vertue her due, to ſuch onely I commend this little tract of morall Diſcipline: which though it bee handled in ſingle Verſe, yet if it pleaſe you to peruſe it, I hope you will not vtterly diſdaine it: ſuch as it is, I leaue it to your diſcreete cenſures, and kind corrections; in which, as you ſhall ſhew the beſt conditions of diſpoſitions, ſo ſhall you giue mee cauſe with much thankefulneſſe, to preſent you hereafter

To the Reader.

with ſome better ſubſtance: But leaſt I promiſe more then I can performe, I pray you take this in as good part, as if it had been a matter of more worth: And ſo wiſhing you all that beare good minds, the happie fruits of your beſt deſires: Loath to be too tedious, I reſt as I find cauſe.

Your friend,

N. B.

THE MOTHERS BLESSING.

MY Son, my ſon, my beſt beloued ſon, (thee:
Hear my deare ſon, what careful charge I leaue
Take hold of *Time*, the glaſſe is quickely run,
Truſt not to *Fortune*, for ſhe will deceiue thee:
What ere thou art, let not the world perceiue thee.
Know God, loue him, be gouern'd by his will,
And haue no doubt of good, nor feare of ill.

Weane laizie Will, from thriftleſſe Idleneſſe:
Beware the wanton, to abuſe thy wit:
Vnbridled Will breeds but vnhappineſſe,
How euer ſorrowes Care would couer it:
Who buyes Repentance muſt pay deare for it.
Time, Truth, and Triall, will in one agree:
The fruites of ſinne, Death, ſhame, and ſorrow bee.

If

The Mothers bleſſing.

Loue not vpon the firſt delightfull looke:
Nor hate, vpon the firſt conceiued harme:
Let not the care of Conſcience be miſtooke,
And feare the force of the Almightie arme:
Feare not miſchance, nor harken to a charme.
By graceleſſe meanes, deuiſe not to enrich thee,
And let no worlds vnworthy loue bewitch thee.

If that thou ſerue a Thatcher, doe him due:
But if thou canſt, ſubſcribe not to the Clown:
Leſt all too late, thou find'ſt it all too true,
When thou haſt thatcht the houſe he throw thee down.
But neuer fret, how euer Fortune frowne.
For what the higher powers of heau'n decree,
There is no asking, why it ſhould ſo bee.

Breake not thy word, that well thou maiſt performe,
For words are waide by men of worthy minde,
Take heed of thoſe, that falſhoods doe enforme,
And ſtrike not ſaile, for euery blaſt of winde:
Nor doe thy ſpirit to thy body binde.
Giue not a Miſers liberalitie,
And feare the fruite of prodigalitie.

The Mothers bleſsing.

Heare all men ſpeake, but harken to the wiſe,
Learne of the learned, and the vertuous loue:
And let no pride thy bleſſed Soule ſurpriſe,
That may diſcretion from thy minde remoue:
Humilitie is grac't with God aboue.
And Courteſie, with honors cariage,
Twixt Loue, and Beautie, makes a mariage.

Be kinde to thoſe, that kindly doe deſerue,
Cruell to none, a Tyrant is a Deuill:
Haue ſpeciall care, thy health for to preſerue,
And keepe thee from the Epicurian euill,
Loue not the eye that ſquints, nor lips that dreuill.
Beware the Pander, and the Paraſite,
And doe not leaue a Faulcon for a Kite.

Giue not thine eare to euery Idle tale,
And truſt no more then what of needs thou muſt:
Set not the ſecrets of thy heart to ſale,
For feare, they throw thine honor in the duſt,
And doe not loue the treaſure that will ruſt.
Make it thy day, but when the Sun doth ſhine,
And ioy in ſoule, but in the loue diuine.

The Mothers bleſsing.

Place not thy learning in a Library,
Yet reade, and marke, remember, and apply:
And till thou art a perfect Antiquary,
Stand not too much vpon antiquitie:
Let vertue note the beſt Nobilitie.
Be wiſe in all things, that thou doeſt intend,
A good beginning makes a bleſſed end.

Stand not on termes with perſons of eſtate,
Be truly loyall in thy life and loue:
Know what belongs vnto a Magiſtrate,
Who hath his office from the heau'ns aboue,
Nor make a Gauntlet of a hedging gloue.
Let Bountie euer be the fruit of thrift,
For borrowing is too neare the Beggers ſhift.

Looke into Nature with Diſcretions eye,
And ſort thy ſelfe with vnderſtanding ſpirits:
Build not thy Caſtle of conceit too high,
Nor let thy hopes be grounded but on Merits,
While heedleſſe Counies feare the hunters Ferits.
Giue none abuſe, nor baſely take diſgrace,
Nor loue that mind, that hath a brazen face.

The Mothers bleſsing.

A bleſſed Colour is a maidens bluſh,
And ſetled Countenance is a comely ſight:
Stand not too long in bearing of a buſh:
For feare the Bird beguile thee with her flight,
In idle ſollies, neuer take delight.
Trauaile, but toile not, painfull is the pleaſure,
Where lacke of care, in labour hath no meaſure.

If God haue bleſt thee with an inward good,
Be ioyfull of his bleſſing, but not proud:
For, be the Phœnix nere ſo rare a brood,
Nature doth wonders in her worke-houſe ſhroud:
The Sunne it ſelfe, ſometime is in a cloud.
Concealed comforts are the kindeſt ſweets,
Where Loue and Honor, with diſcretion meets.

A boaſting tongue is like a heard-mans horne,
Which makes a noyſe, but nothing worth the hearing:
And bragging Raſcalls are not to be borne,
Though fools of choiſe ſomtime are worth the chering,
Yet in the points of wiſdomes true appearing.
Preſumptuous fooles, and irreligious Iewes,
Among the Nobler ſort ſhould neuer vſe.

The Mothers bleſsing.

Know how to loue, but know not how to hate:
T'one halfe a heau'n, the tother halfe a hell:
Learne what belongs to Fortune and to Fate,
And truſt not all, that Idle ſtories tell:
And doe not reade, before you learne to ſpell.
But keepe thy ſpirit with that ſpeciall care,
That Truth may ſhew thee, where her honors are.

Offend not God, with figuring the faire,
In higher ſubſtance then may fit their ſexe:
And looke not after humors in the aire,
That hurt the heart, or may the ſpirit vexe,
And let no paſſion ſo thy ſoule perplexe,
But that thou maiſt all diſcontents remoue,
That may be hurtfull to thy happie loue.

Regard thy followers in a kind, as friends,
But make a difference in thine eyes affect:
And vſe their ſeruice in ſuch carefull kinds,
That wiſedomes fame may ſpeake of thy reſpect,
And well deſeru'd rewards doe not neglect.
For tis the hand, that doth the ſeruice bind,
Although the ſpirit doth command the mind.

Examine

The Mother's bleſsing.

Examine Reaſon by the rules of Grace,
And cheriſh valour, but in vertues choiſe:
In Natures Muſique, dwell not on the Baſe,
And let thine eare be pleaſed in the voyce
That ſounds the ſong, that makes the ſoule reioyce.
Auoyd all ſubſtance of the ſoules annoy:
And onely Ieſus be thy ſpirits ioy.

If honor fall vpon thee vnawares,
Note how it comes, and how it may be gone:
And guide thy courſes with ſuch inward cares,
Thy ground may ſtill be ſure to build vpon,
But needles humors neuer ſtudie on.
For Time is precious to perfections eyes,
And brings the bleſſed Soule to Paradiſe.

Follow the warres but in a worthy cauſe,
And Court it but for affabilitie,
Be not a Rebell vnto honors lawes:
For tis a maime to true Gentilitie,
In all the notes of true Nobilitie.
So vſe thy ſword in field, at home thy pen,
Thou maiſt be both belou'd, and fear'd of men.

Let

The Mothers bleſſing.

Let not a ſhaft, a Bowle, a Carde, nor Die,
Take vp thy Rent a yeare before the day:
A Parats feather, nor a Faulcons eye,
Make thee too faſt, to throw thy wealth away,
Leſt had I wiſt, doe keepe fooles holly day.
Eſteeme a horſe, according to his pace,
But looſe no wagers on a wilde Gooſe chaſe.

Teare not thy throat with hollowing to hounds,
Nor ride thy Horſe to death, to ſeeke a Hawke:
Spoile not thine eyes with leuelling of grounds,
Nor barre thine honeſt Neighbour of his walke,
But take no pleaſure with a foole to talke.
But harken to the ſhepheards what they ſaine,
Both of the Sun ſhine, and a ſhowre of raine.

Feede not to groſſe, and drinke not ouer much,
The ſparing diet is the ſpirits feaſt:
ThePitch and Tarre, are dangerous to tuch,
And want of reaſon makes a man a beaſt:
Of forced euils euer chuſe the leaſt.
Be warned by a little, from the more,
And take heed of an inward breeding ſore.

The Mothers bleſſing.

Wound not the conſcience of a wofull heart,
Nor take delight in doing iniury:
But eaſe the ſicke in his conſuming ſmart,
And helpe the poore man in his miſery:
So liue, ſo die, ſo liue, and neuer die.
Relieue thy friend, but not with all thou haſt,
Leſt thou be driuen to ſeeke to him as faſt.

Importune not a Prince in any ſute,
Nor doe a ſutor long delay his hope:
In cauſe of Iuſtice, be not ouer mute,
But in a malice, doe not ſecrets ope:
But keepe thy care within diſcretions ſcope.
Smile at the bird, whoſe bill is ouer-long,
But neuer liſten to the Cuckoes ſong.

Looſe not thy paines, to teach an Owle to ſpeake,
Nor ſtriue to waſh an Ethiopian white:
Make it no triumph to ſubdue the weake,
But vſe thy force, to put the proud to flight,
And in renowne, giue euery man his right.
Begin no more, then ſo thou mean'ſt to finiſh,
As of thine honor, may no ſparke diminiſh.

Trauaile

The Mothers blessing.

Trauaile to learne diuerſitie of Natures,
But keepe at home, the care of thy content:
And euer haue reſpect vnto thoſe creatures,
That haue their talents in thy ſeruice ſpent:
And loue the ſoule that is to vertue bent.
For euer keepe this point of Nobleneſſe,
Let no man note thee of vnthankfulneſſe.

Depraue not any that doe well deſerue,
Nor magnifie an idle headed wit:
Nor let thy will from wiſedomes order ſwarue,
How euer humors diſſalow of it:
Manage affection with diſcretions bit.
For time will teach thee in true reaſons creature,
A foole, is but the weake effect of nature.

In Princes Courts, doe neuer preſſe too faſt,
Nor ſhrinke a foote from thy deſert of fame:
And ſlip no time, for once the humor paſt,
A pleaſing fancie may be out of frame:
Shun all occaſions of deſerued blame.
But if vnwares, thou happen to offend,
Let witts excuſe the care, of will commend.

The Mothers bleſsing.

Grow not too great, for feare of Enuyes figge,
Yet ioy in all that vertue may aduaunce:
Make not thy muſique of a country Iigge,
But leaue the Lout to tread the Moris-daunce:
And keepe thy ſences from *Narciſſus* traunce:
And follow not *Actæon* to the wood,
For feare *Diana* doe thee little good.

Spare to diſcourſe vpon experience,
And alwayes rather anſwere then demaund:
And let no paſſion ſhew impatience,
But make entreatie where thou maiſt commaund:
And neuer be with flatterers ouer-fawnd.
Nor ſtand too much vpon thine owne opinion,
How euer *Pallas* marke thee for her minion.

Let not a Princeſſe fauour make thee proud,
Nor grieue too much vpon a ſmall diſgrace:
Beare not affection to a filthy dowd,
Nor make an Idoll of a painted face:
Nor loue a colt but of a courſers race.
Nor vow thy ſeruice to miſtaken Saints,
Whoſe trueſt tytles are but honors Saints.

The Mothers bleſsing.

Weare not a feather in a ſhowre of raine,
Nor ſwagger with a Swizer for his ſwill:
Put not thy ſpirit vnto too much paine,
In ſearching ſecrets farre aboue thy skill:
And know a halbert from a hedging bill.
And euer note thoſe noble points of nature,
That truely make an honorable creature.

Forbeare thy fury on a ſuddaine rage,
Yet in thy right be euer reſolute:
And let true patience choller ſo aſſwage,
That honors quarrell may be abſolute,
Leſt raſhnes too much reaſon ouerſhoote.
For carefull valour in a cauſe of ſtrife,
Strengthens the heart, and giues the ſpirit life.

Flie *Macheuile* his vile inſtructions,
Which are but poyſons to a princely mind:
And noted well, are but deſtructions,
That doe the world with wicked humors blinde,
And doe the ſoule to helliſh ſeruice binde:
Where nothing for gaine muſt be forbidden
While diuels in the ſhape of men are hidden.

Note

Note what is done, by whom, and how, and when,
And marke what iſſue growes of each euent:
If by the ſword, the purſe, or by the pen,
And where the honor of the action went:
And how to take it for a preſident.
For many things haue many times beene done,
That had beene better, nere had beene begun.

Howeuer *Fortune* pleaſe to try thy ſtrength
Continue thou the man thou wert before,
Her wheele, though downe, will vp againe at length,
And then thy valour will appeare the more
Which yeelded not a vaſſall to her lord,
But euer ſute thy mind to thy degree,
Which being kept firme, *Fortune* will wait on thee.

Examples dayly ſhew before thine eyes
(Which I aduiſe thee to conſider oft)
How meane eſtates doe in a moment riſe,
And then how ſoone they fall that are aloft,
From top of greatneſſe to be ſcorn'd and ſcoft:
And how the humble meane doth long'ſt endure,
And he that lies on earth is moſt ſecure,

The Mothers bleſsing.

Affect not then to ſit in honors chaire,
Nor yet to preach thy ſelfe too neere a Crowne,
Such thoughts more perillous then prudent are,
And hee that's once at higheſt needs muſt downe,
Subiect to common hate, and Princes frowne;
And being once falne, trod on by euery groome,
Is left a ſcorne to him that has his roome.

Beware to whom thy ſecrets thou impart,
I meane ſuch ſecrets as not ought to haue
Place of receit, but in thy proper heart,
Where they ſhould ſilent lye as in a graue,
Which once reueald, thou art anothers ſlaue:
And he whom thou haſt truſted with thy treaſure,
Will reigne, and curbe thy actions at his pleaſure.

Be carefull euer, leaſt at any time
The opinion of thy wit tranſport thee ſo,
As to traduce good men in odious rime,
Nor therin thinke it is thy part to ſhow
The times abuſe, or how ſtate-matters go;
With Kings and Great-men 'tis ill making ſport,
For the Star-Chamber is a dangerous court.

And

The Mothers bleſsing.

And wiſemen ſay, it much more credit beares
To be held ſimply plaine without diſgrace,
Then to be counted wittie without eares,
With ſhoulders laſht, or ſtigmatized face,
Or head in hole, in publique Market-plac
Such wit, my ſonne, neuer deſire to haue,
As ſhal at once make thee both foole and knaue.

Neuer reioyce to ſee another moane,
Nor yet repine at his proſperitie,
Remember how the caſe may be thine owne,
When he perhaps may doe as much by thee.
And if he doe he cannot blamed be;
Since *like for like* ha's bin a Law of yore,
And he that firſt do's wrong now merits more.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
One may thy credit loſe, t'other thy friend,
But ſtil take paines though but in mean degree,
So ſhalt thou euer abler be to lend,
Then forc'd to borrow, if thou wiſely ſpend.
Yea, and thy purſe ſhall euer haue in ſtore,
(Which freely giue) a penny for the poore.

The Mothers bleſſing.

He that ſo giues (as is in Scripture ſhowne)
Lends to the Lord, and he will ſure repay,
To him that is the lender, three for one,
His word is paſt, and hee will keepe his day;
And happie thou, if ſo thou giue away,
As to make him thy debter; Bleſt ſhall be
Thy houre of birth in thy poſteritie.

Shun ouer-weening, nor good counſell ſcorne,
Becauſe thou findſt it on a painted cloth,
Vertue is vertue, though her coat be torne;
Her chiefeſt foes are ſurquedry, and ſloth,
Then as thou tenderſt goodneſſe, flie them both,
Good things from ill doe oft proceede (wee ſee)
As poys'nous flowers yeeld hony to the Bee.

Temper thy ſelfe (euen as thou hop'ſt for heauen
And lou'ſt my bleſſing) from exceſſe of wine,
Since of all ſinnes among the deadly ſeuen
Ther's none that makes a man ſo like a ſwine,
To proſtitute that part which is diuine.
Yet may'ſt thou (ſonne) be merry without euill,
And loue S. *Dunſtan*, though thou hate the deuill.

Thou

The Mothers bleſſing.

Thou ſeeſt how worldly men their pennies ioyne,
And halfe a pint of Sacke ſuffices twaine,
Yet is it not the want, or loue of coyne,
But for the comfort of the hart and braine,
Which thriftie drinking's oft their cauſe of gaine.
Who in a yeere are ſcarce with wine oppreſt,
But on the Maiors day, or the Sheriffes feaſt.

Tis a diſgrace to be a gamſter knowne,
Yet ſometimes with thy friend it is no ſhame,
And then nor couet his, nor ſlight thine owne,
Winning, or loſing, beare thee ſtill the ſame,
Nor venter manly patience with thy game;
Leſt thou at once loſe ſoule, and money both,
One with a throw, the other with an oath.

Be thou (whateuer thy profeſſion be)
In all thine actions honeſt, and vpright,
Whether of noble, or of meane degree,
Nor doe a begger wrong to pleaſe a knight
Who (though in rags) may be the worthier wight,
But in thy dealings ſo impartiall proue,
As ſcorne, and ſcandall may giue place to loue.

If

The Mothers bleſſing.

If thou apply thy ſtudies to the Lawes
And hop'ſt thereby to proue a thriuing Getter,
Iudge, as thou find'ſt the goodnes of the cauſe,
And let not an ill buſineſſe fare the better
For a great bribe, or for a greatmans Letter.
Let not thine honour, hope, and fame depend
On ill-got money, or a worſe-got friend.

Giue not away from many vnto one,
The portions which to them of right belong,
God heares the Orphans and the widows grone,
He is himſelfe reuenger of their wrong,
And will ſtrike ſure, although he ſuffer long,
And then to death, and ſhame he giues thee ore,
And to repent is harder then reſtore.

To Magiſtrates, and Church-men, euer ſhew
Such ſeemely dutie, reuerence, and reſpect,
As to their place, and quality is due,
And though in both perhaps thou find defect,
Tis wiſer to conceale then to detect.
And better 'tis to griene then reprehend,
Then thou obiect, they eaſier can amend.

Mine

The Mothers bleſsing.

Mine owne deare ſonne, I am no deepe diuine,
But what my God hath taught me, that I teach thee:
Beſeeching him to bleſſe that Soule of thine,
That no illuſion euer ouer-reach thee;
Nor wilfull Sinne or lacke of grace impeach thee.
Nor faithleſſe thought may euer ſo deface thee,
But that his mercie euer will embrace thee.

But for my notes of Natures obſeruations,
By long experience to my paines reuealed:
Where truths conſtructions made thoſe confirmations,
That too much proofe hath for aſſurance ſealed:
Which priuate care hath from the world concealed.
To thee my ſonne, and for thy good I hope,
I doe this casket of my Iewels ope.

Eſteeme them richer then a maſſe of Gold,
And part not with them for a world of wealth:
For ſuch a treaſure is not to be ſold,
As is both for the ſoule and bodies health;
Then leaue them not vnto vnworthy ſtealth:
But in thy boſome, locke them as their louer
Till good occaſion bid thee looke them ouer,

The Mothers bleſſing.

And when thou find'ſt that fitteth with thy mind,
And leads thee to the ground-worke of thy good:
Goe forward ſtill, and further ſeeke to find.
How beſt the ſubſtance may be vnderſtood;
That after purging breeds the liuely blood.
And thou ſhalt feele ſuch pleaſure in thy paine,
As idle ſpirits haue no power to gaine.

And ere I grow to faſt vnto an end,
Let mee a little furthermore aduiſe thee:
Be carefull in affecting of a friend,
Leaſt ſubtill kindneſſe cunningly ſurpriſe thee:
And let thus much for ſuch reſpect ſuffice thee.
Let Honour, Valour, Truth, and wit allure thee,
Or neuer of a faithfull friend aſſure thee.

For parentage affect equalitie,
For learning, vertue ioynd with eloquence:
For bountie, wiſedomes liberalitie,
For valour, reſolutions patience:
For profit, labour with experience.
For honour, vertues inclination,
For ſpirit, graces inſpiration.

Thus

The Mothers bleiſsng.

Thus chuſe a friend, if thou wilt fauour any,
For theſe are they that cannot alter Nature,
But fauour few, for if thou mak'ſt of many,
Thou wilt be held a ſimple witted creature:
Take heed therefore of a diſſembling feature.
Sound the condition, and approue it ſound,
Before thy faith be to thy fauour bound.

But if thou find'ſt a mind of that true worth,
That is not matcht in all the brokers ſhops:
Whence thou canſt draw, that true-loues liquor forth,
Which is not ſeaſon'd with vnſauory hops:
While faiths ſtrong pillars need no vnderprops.
All as a Phœnix, doe eſteeme that friend,
With whom thy life with thy affection end.

But if a ſmoothing tongue, a fleering face,
A capping knee, with double diligence,
By cloſe colloging creepe into thy grace,
To make an vſe of thy magnificence;
Know hee will but abuſe thy patience.
A way with ſuch, and from thy care diſcard them;
They purchaſe but diſgrace that regard them.

And if hee ſeeke to vndermine thy thought,
And goe about thee with a bad inuention:
And doe denie thy due deſire in ought
That may performe the truth of his intention,
Or ſtand on termes in cauſes of contention;
Then doe thus much for thy aſſurance know,
A hollow friend is but a helliſh foe.

And now for knowing of thine enemy.
Let this ſuffice for reaſons true direction:
Who doth intrude into thy company,
And make a ſhew of too too much affection:
Such nimble wits haue euer in reiection.
And by a ſerpents hiſſe, and beare-whelps eye,
Miſtruſt the treaſon of an enemye.

If he perſwade thee to diſloyall thought,
Imagine him a villaine in the height;
If that he haue with wanton humors wrought,
Know that an Idoll is the diuels baite:
And if he cheat thee with a gaming ſleight,
In cares diſcretion leaue his company,
And hold him for a cunning enemy.

The Mothers bleſsing.

If hee importune thee with borrowing,
Or careleſſe liue vpon thy purſes ſpending,
Or daily put thee off with morrowing,
Till want doe make thee wearie of thy lending,
Then in the care of better thrifts commending,
Shake off a varlet in his villany,
And hold him for an inward enemy.

But leauing more of friends, or foes to ſpeake,
The one too few, the other all too many:
So many friends, their friendſhips daily breake,
That few are faithfull, if that few be any:
The Sunne ſo ſoone, the painted face will tawny.
That he that hath the World well ouer gone,
Findes foes too many, friends, but few or none.

But when thou wilt a ſeruant fitly chuſe,
Haue great regard vnto his qualitie:
Leſt lacke of care, thy kindneſſe do abuſe:
Allow no counterfeit formalitie;
No prigging theft, nor prodigalitie:
No pot companion, nor no prating knaue,
Nor lazie Raſcall, nor vncomely ſlaue.

The Mothers bleſsing.

No ſlouen ſluggard, nor ſheep-biter dogge,
No wencher, night-walker, nor game player:
No leering copes-mate, nor no grunting hogge;
No lyar, ſwearer, brabbler, nor way layer:
No ſawcie Iester, nor ſooth-ſayer.
No daintie tooth, nor double diligence;
Nor him that hath a world wide conſcience.

But ſober, honeſt, wittie, thriftie, kind,
Good ſhape, good face, expert, and laborous,
Good hand, good heart, good ſpirit, and good mind,
Diſcreetly carefull, but not couetous:
Faithfull and firme, in perfect truths approuing,
And thinke that ſeruant kindly worth the louing.

Now if thy ſeruant vnawares offend,
In ſecret giue him reprehenſion:
But if you ſee hee care not to amend,
Nor of aduice take better apprehenſion,
Miſtruſt his ſpirit of ſome ill intention.
Away with him, and turne him to diſgrace,
And ſeeke to put a better in his place.

The Mothers bleſsing.

But laſt of all, and not the leaſt in charge,
I wiſh thee looke into thy loues conſort:
For when the heart hath left the eye at large,
Venus commaunds where *Cupid* ſcales the fort:
As all too many, all too true report.
Be carefull therefore in thy thoughts affection,
That they be gouern'd by a good direction.

Beautie with vertue, honour ioynd with kindneſſe,
Wit with ſome wealth, and perſon without pride:
True Nobleneſſe, without ambitious blindneſſe,
Faire haird, ſtraight bodied, ſweet countenance, & cleare
A ſpirit where no poiſon doth abide. (eide;
Where theſe ſweet birds doe all in one buſh ſing,
Who would not ſpend his life in ſuch a ſpring?

But if ſhe be ilfauour'd, blind, and old,
A prattle basket, or an idle ſlut:
A ſleepie huſwife, or a hatefull ſcold,
Or ſuch a ſparrow as will not keepe cut:
Spoile not thy teeth with cracking ſuch a nut.
For in the world there is no greater hell,
Then in a houſe with ſuch a hagge to dwell.

Or

The Mothers bleſſing.

Or if complexion with condition meete,
A Croidon ſanguine, and a curriſh nature:
A mind that treadsgood manners vnderfeete,
A ſorrell foretop, and a ſowiſh feature:
God bleſſe thee ſonne, from ſuch a wicked creature.
And let thee rather lead a ſingle life,
Then kill thy ſelfe, to liue with ſuch a wife.

Learne then to chuſe the beſt, and leaue the worſt,
And chuſing well, make much of ſuch a choiſe:
And thou ſhalt ſee while other liue accurſt,
Thy heart and ſoule ſhall inwardly reioyce:
Oh heartie loue is ſuch a heau'nly voyce,
As he that know it, or doth kindly heare it,
Will find no muſicke in the world come neare it.

But I will leaue thee to the heau'ns direction,
Beſeeching God of his high heauenly grace:
To ſettle ſo the care of thy affection,
It take no roote in an vnworthy place:
But that a Virgins eye, and Angels face,
So make thee ioyfull of thy happy chaine,
That fancie bound, would not be free againe.

The Mothers bleiſsng.

But that this courſe, and euery other care,
May purehaſe and continue thy content:
And that thy ſoule may liue, where vertues are,
The happie ſoules eternall ornament:
To him that fram'd the higheſt firmament.
Thy heart and ſoule in loue all humbly bow,
And to his will, thy ſeruice truly vow.

At morne, at noone, at euening, day and night,
Vnto his mercy doe confeſſe thy ſinne:
And begge of him, to cleare thy blinded ſight,
And teach thy ſpirit how it may beginne
To find the way that gracious loue may winne.
Pray, weepe and cry, vntill thou haſt obtained
Into his ſeruice to be entertained.

And when thou feel'ſt the ſpirit of that grace
That rules the heau'ns, come downe into thy heart:
And ſo thy thoughts in order all to place,
That vertue doe diſpoſe of euery part:
When thus thou feeleſt that thou bleſſed art,
Pray for continuance of that comforts bliſſe,
That keepes the ſoule, it cannot goe amiſſe.

And when thou feel'ſt the loathing of that ſinne,
That long miſled, that mournfull ſoule of thine:
And the true way of grace art entred in,
That doth the ſoule to ſacred loue encline,
And doth aſſure thee of the loue diuine.
Then let thy heart, thy minde and ſpirit ſing,
An Halleluiah to thy heauenly King.

Begin with glory to his maieſtie,
Proceed with glory to his holy name:
Continue glory to his Deitie,
And end with glory to his worthy fame:
And endleſſe be the glory of the ſame:
Begin, proceed, continue, end his ſtory,
Without beginning, neuer ending glory:

O higheſt glory, in the heau'ns aboue,
O brighteſt glory, of the heau'ns behoue:
O pureſt glory, before heau'ns to proue,
O bleſſed glory, aboue heau'ns to loue:
O louely glory, that all loue doth moue.
O gracious glory, that all grace beginneth,
O glorious glory, that all glory winneth.

The Mothers bleſsing.

Thus my deare ſonne, ſing vnto God thy Lord,
And ſing in tune, that heau'ns may ioy to heare:
And let thy tongue, thy heart, and ſoule accord,
To chaunt it out with ſuch a ioyfull cheare,
That heau'ns may ſee, thou hold'ſt their maſter deare.
And thy true faith may in thy ſpirit proue,
The liuing comfort of thy heau'nly loue.

But if thou dooſt not ſerue thy God aright,
And humbly feare his holy maieſtie:
Thy cleareſt day will turne to darkſome night,
Thy wealth to want, thy wit to vanitie,
Thine eaſe to paine, ioy to calamitie.
Thy ſweeteſt muſicke to a mournfull quell,
Thy life to death, thy hope of heanen to hell.

For though a while he ſuffer thee to thriue,
And find on earth a fained paradies:
Yet death will come, who quickly will depriue,
Thy ſences of the pleaſures of thine eyes:
Wherein th'illuſion of thy ſpirit lies.
And thou wilt be within thy ſoule ſo torne,
As thou wouldſt wiſh, thou neuer hadſt bin borne.

The Mothers bleſsing.

A world of woes will ouer-whelme thy heart,
And fearefull dreames affright thee in the night:
A thouſand torments will increaſe thy ſmart;
And dreadfull viſions will thy ſoule affright:
Thou ſhalt be bard from the eternall light.
And in the darkneſſe, where all horrors dwell,
Thy ſoule ſhall burne in euerlaſting hell.

Where thou ſhalt ſee the mizer-minded-dogge,
Frie in the furnace of his molten gold:
The glutton monſter, and the drunken hogge,
Gnawing their bones, with hunger, thirſt and cold:
The murtherer in paines not to be told.
The leacher ſo bedight in beaſtlineſſe,
As kills his ſoule to ſee his filthineſſe.

The tyrant tortur'd with thoſe vgly ſpirits,
That fed his humour with the thirſt of blood:
The traitor follow'd with thoſe hungry ferits,
That onely fed vpon the poyſned food
Of damned ſoules, that neuer did man good.
The theefe tormented with the ſhameleſſe lyer,
The ſwearers mouth, all in a flame of fyer.

The

The Mothers bleſsing.

The pander and the wicked paraſite,
Shall ſup the broath of helliſh beaſtlineſſe:
The hereticke in wilfull ouer-ſight,
Shall feede vpon the froth of fooliſhneſſe:
Boyld in the fire of all vnfaithfulneſſe.
The Atheiſt ſo ſhall feele Gods vengeance on him,
That all the plagues of hell ſhall fall vpon him.

The vniuſt Iudge, at leaſt if there be any,
The bribing client of ill conſcience:
The periur'd witneſſe whereof are too many,
The plotting pate of ſinfull peſtilence;
The wrathfull ſpirit of impatience:
All theſe ſhall iuſtly all their torments beare,
But God bleſſe thee from ſeeing of them there.

But if thou rightly ſerue thy Lord and God,
And day and houre doe ſue to him for grace:
When faithfull truth this world hath ouer-trod,
Thy ſoule ſhall flye vnto a fairer place;
Where thou ſhalt ſee thy Sauiour in the face;
And in that face, that euerlaſting bliſs,
In which the brightneſſe of all glory is.

The Mothers bleſsing.

There ſhalt thou ſee from hie the day-light ſpringing,
Which darkſome night hath neuer power to ſhade:
There ſhalt thou heare the Saints and Angels ſinging,
And all their ditties to his glory made;
There ſhalt thou feele the ioyes that neuer fade.
There ſhall thy ſoule more perfect ioyes poſſeſſe,
Then tongue, or heart, or ſpirit can expreſſe.

There ſhalt thou ſee the bounteous richly crowned,
The gratious Prince in Angels armes embraced:
The vertuous ſouldiers with the Saints renowmed;
The Iudge of Iuſtice, in high honor placed:
The faithfull witnes, in truths fauour graced:
The Virgins ſinging, in the Angels quire,
How patient hopes vnto their heau'n aſpire.

There ſhalt thou feele the bleſſed ioy of peace,
Wherein the life of holy loue doth reſt:
There ſhalt thou heare the Muſicke neuer ceaſe,
Where Angels voyces euer are adreſt,
In their beſt tunes to ſound his glory beſt.
Where euery one a bleſſed part doth beare,
God bleſſe thee ſonne, to ſet them euer there.

Amen.

FINIS.